



OVER EDUCATION.

"MURDER OF THE MODERN INNOCENTS" BY MRS. LEW WALLACE IN LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

After all what are our children being educated for? The boys are to be breadwinners—that is decided. They must hurry through and "hustle for a living." The girls—let us believe it—are the future homemakers. The word helpmeet is obsolete—left behind with the woman who made Eden Paradise.

Constantly the question is being brought up, "Shall this and that be added to our public schools?" But who asks, "Can the scholars endure any more?" They have no protest nor petition; they must stand like human vessels ready to be filled to the brim with mixtures of facts. I plead for a childhood of the soul as well as of the body, for the free air, the blessed sunshine, the moderate task ended at the schoolhouse. This night young heads are leaning against their mothers, tired as no young things should ever be; and it is a sorrowful sound to hear a child waking from what might be the sunny slumber of a light heart beating to healthful music to ask in troubled voice, "Do you think I can make the pass grade?" It is said that they like to go to school. Yes, and they would like it twice as well if there were half as much to learn. Many children have I known, but not one who loved study for its own sake. Companionship is what lures them. Instead of wandering up and down the wilderness of wintery facts let them loiter a while among the dear illusions. The Happy Valley of Childhood is but narrow, where the golden water babbles in the talking bird and the singing tree, where the sun always shines and the years are summers. They who adjust the load that presses so heavily on the springs of life have much to account for.

Boston has been shaken by a solemn protest from the city physician against the ruinous manner in which children are overworked. Not the orphans in factories, nor the poor in the tenements, but in the handsome school houses where the well-to-do send their sons and daughters.

Of the long-suffering teachers I can hardly trust myself to speak; no nobler army of martyrs ever marched to chambers of torture. Said one, "I begin the weekly reports Monday before the lessons are recited, else I should never have them ready by Friday night."

I have seen teachers carry home piles of manuscript to be corrected, often spending Saturday and Sunday at their desks. Most dismal of tasks; no wonder the professional reader of manuscripts goes crazy.

Said another, "I am so tired I do not go to church. Unless I lie around and rest on Sunday I cannot be ready for Monday. It seems that to teach anything we must know everything. We have to write essays on subjects that do not touch our studies, and there are the long meetings and the institutes."

"What about the institutes?" I asked. It was at the close of one of the hottest days of our tropical summer.

"We must meet and hear compositions on basic thoughts, cosmic entities, the concept of ideality, and Mr. Nobody, from Nowhere, reads 'Locksley Hall.'" "Can't you read 'Locksley Hall' for yourself?"

"Yes, if I had a chance. My back ached so that I could not listen, and sometimes I am so hurried I feel as though I should lose my wits."

At one time there was a regulation that teachers should stand during recitation. When a number had dropped on the floor the order was revoked.

After much hesitation the cry goes out—a petition to lighten the load of the overlaid that may not reach the hearing ear. I should not have the courage to send it had I not been entreated. "Speak for us; write for us; you have nothing at stake. We dare not complain; we should lose our places; there are many waiting for vacancies." Pathetic appeals from the helpless!

So, watching their unconquerable work, what I have written I have written.

WHEN DOES THE CENTURY END.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The discussion of the question "When Does the Century End?" still continues. The same question was raised and discussed a hundred years ago, toward the close of the eighteenth century, as appears from a letter of Gen. Schuyler, dated Albany, Feb. 11, 1799. As a matter of interest we give the letter in another column. The General shows clearly enough how it ought to be if our manner of counting years is to conform to our manner of counting other things.

But the question is not how it ought to be, or how it accords with our ways of counting other things, but what way of counting years has custom made to prevail. In matters of this kind custom, without reference to how it originated, acquires the force of law. This law of custom is so strong that if we disregard it in our manner of speech we subject ourselves to the inconvenience of being misunderstood.

The question then is, what significance has custom given to a date expressed in day, month and year? Does Dec. 25, 1899, mean 11 months and 25 days into or of 1899, or does it mean 1899 years plus 11 months and 25 days? If it means the former, we are now in the 99th year of the century; if it means the latter we are now in the 100th year of the century, and the century closes with the close of the 31st of this month. In the first case 1899 means the passing year; in the second case it means the past year, and the present December is part of the year 100. The first means that we are 11 months and 25 days into the 1899th year since the birth of Christ; the second means that it is 1899 years 11 months and 25 days since that momentous event.

Now the question is not which of these two meanings of the date Dec. 25, 1899, is the most logical or in accord with our custom of counting other measurable things, but which has been determined by custom? There is no doubt that custom has given the date the first meaning, namely, that the year figure indicates the passing year, of which the months and days in the date are a part, and not the past year to which the months and days are plus. Then the date, Dec. 25th, 1899, means that we are 11 months and 25 days into the 99th year of the century, and not 11 months and 25 days into the 100th year of the century. Consequently next year will be, by force of the *usus loquendi*, the 100th year of the century, and the next the first year of the new century.

This custom of dating at the passing year instead of from the past year was fixed, if not originated, by a French university some centuries ago. The Pope in his recent letter on the Holy Year adheres to the custom.

The misunderstanding in the matter arises from confounding the two questions, how long since the birth of Christ and in what year of the era are we living? The answer to the first, assuming as correct the chronology of Dionisius Exiguus, is 1,898 years, 11 months and 25 days; the answer to the second is, we are into the year 1899 as far as Dec. 25. Properly understood these two answers or sets of figures indicate the same time, for 1898 plus 11 months and 25 days means the same thing as 11 months and 25 days into 1899. If asked the time of day you can say 5 o'clock and 10 minutes into or toward 6 o'clock. It is a difference of measuring from something or toward something. And custom says in dates we should measure toward the end of the passing year, not from the end of the past year. Some time ago in speaking of this subject we took it for granted that in measuring years, as we measure other things, we count from the last complete unit, and that a date was a record of past time.

Reasoning from analogy we concluded that as we say in telling the time, 5 o'clock 10 minutes and 30 seconds, we should say and mean of Dec. 25, 1899, 1899 o'clock 11 months and 25 days; the months and years to be added to 99 o'clock as the minutes and seconds are added to 5 o'clock, thus making the current months and days belong to the 100th year as the minutes and seconds plus to 5 belong to 6 o'clock. But custom has no regard for analogues.

The shortest way to print 1900 is MCM, though, in writing, the latter form is decidedly longer. How would it do to call graduates of 1900 em-see-ems? This would be as short as "nitty-nit" and not at all silly, as this latter form undoubtedly is. "John Jones, MCM" would look infinitely better than "John Jones, '00."

Caution.—Beware of substitutes for Pain-Killer. There is nothing "just as good." Unequalled for cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for all bowel disorders. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

A STRIKING PRESCRIPTION.

A PHYSICIAN ORDERS 27 BOYS TO BE SPANKED.

N. Y. Sun.

The chief of the Bellevue Hospital staff of surgeons one evening recently on his rounds entered Ward 2, which is devoted to the cure of children's injuries, and glanced in a perfunctory way at the orders posted by attending physicians on the previous night. He opened his eyes wide when he saw this order signed by a physician:

"Spanking; P. R. N., 27."

Turning to the nurse in attendance, the surgeon asked what "27" meant. It meant that twenty-seven children had been spanked in that ward on the night before.

"Well, that is the most remarkable order I have ever seen given in Bellevue Hospital," said the official, and he asked the nurse how it came about. "P. R. N." stood for *pro re nata*, "to meet the emergency." It was the other part that he wanted to have explained.

"It began with the throwing of a shoe," the nurse said, "and it was after all the patients were in bed and tucked up for the night. I supposed that the boys with broken legs and plaster casts on them, the other boys with broken arms and factured noses, were disposed of safely. Then a shoe from somewhere went sailing across the ward, narrowly missing the head of that little Italian boy from Cherry street, who has had his skull trepanned. The shoe was like a match to a barrel of gunpowder. A crutch flew over my head and hit the window; the boys with plaster of Paris on their legs wriggled out of their cots, hobbled to their near neighbors and pulled them out on the floor. Those who wanted to be quiet were poked and plagued and forced to get out and join in the rumpus. There were half a dozen pillow fights in progress in as many places at once before I could say 'scat!'"

"Just as the pandemonium was at its height the doctor came in on his rounds and protested. He said that there was so much noise that the patients in the wards nearby were complaining. The boys must stop; if they would not stop they must be made to stop. Why not spank them?"

"I ventured to say that the task of spanking twenty-seven boys, hand running, as it were, was no child's play. He said that I must do it, and then he wrote that order. Of course, it had to be done then. The doctor did not wait to see what I would do, and he looked rather amused as he turned and went out of the ward."

"Well, I gave out the order to the children, but they did not mind me in the least. I did not want to spank them, for they probably for the first time in their lives had had their stomachs full and their animal spirits were high. They had had enough misfortune in their accidents that had brought them to the institution. So I just warned them that they were up to a spanking if they didn't behave. Did they settle down? As the boys say 'Nil!' They just winked at me and

kept on worse than ever. Then I started after them. They limped, hobbled and wriggled back to their cots as fast as their legs would carry them. I turned down the upper sheet of the cot of the first boy that I came to and laid it on good.

"Then there was a change. A chorus of dry howls went up to the ceiling following the wails of the first victim. Down the rows of cots I proceeded, slowly and conscientiously, and, if I do say it, there was in my wake a lot of chastened souls."

"I'll make a note of the order as a remarkable one," said the official. He did, and that is how it came out.

THE NEW YEAR MIDNIGHT MASS.

At the Immaculate Conception there was High Mass with a plain chant Mass by full choir in better trim than ever before. Father Cherrier preached on the blessings of the past year and extended his good wishes for the coming year to all Catholics and Protestants.

At St. Mary's there was also High Mass and a large number of communicants, among whom were 75 men who had not received at Christmas. Father Guillett wished the Faithful a Happy New Year.

At the Cathedral Very Rev. A. Dugas, V. G., celebrated High Mass with deacon and subdeacon, in the presence of the Archbishop, who afterwards said Mass, at about 1.30 a. m., in the Chapel of the Grey Nuns' Mother House.

At St. Boniface Hospital Rev. Father Messier, the chaplain, said low Mass at midnight with appropriate singing by the Sisters. The Tantum Ergo of the Benediction that followed was particularly beautiful and soothing to the patients who were too ill to rise.

At St. Boniface College, St. Mary's Academy, St. Boniface Convent of the Holy Names and the Maternity Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, Low Mass was said with Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT FROM ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL.

The Sisters of the St. Boniface Hospital acknowledge the following donations in favor of the Hospital. The Town of St. Boniface, \$100; the A. Macdonald Co., \$40; Mr. R. Dixon, \$25; Mr. J. H. Ashdown, \$15; Mr. W. D. Douglass, \$5; Mr. O. O'Connell (of the Tecumseh House), \$5; Mr. P. Gosselin, 1 bbl. of apples, cakes and candy; Ogilvie Milling Co., 1 ton of screenings, 3 sacks of Rolled Oats and 3 of Hungarian flour; Mr. J. H. Rodgers, 1 turkey and 1 salmon; Mr. Lee, 1 box of Cigars; Bryan & Co., 1 box of Cigars; Mr. Erzinger, 1 box of Tobacco and Pipes; Mrs. McIntyre, 1 box of lemons; Mrs. T. Paré of St. Ann's, 2 turkeys; H. B. Co., 4 turkeys; Rocan & Co., 4 turkeys; Mr. O. Monchamp, 1 turkey; Whitlaw & Co., 40 lbs. of Mutton; Mr. H. Béliveau, 1 case of Oranges; Mr. Galt, tea, rasins and nuts; Mr. W. Drewry, 5 cases of Ale; McDonough & Co., 1 bbl. of Ale; Mr. L. Collin, candy; Mrs. A. H. Bertrand, candy.

To each and every generous donor the Sisters offer heartfelt thanks wishing all a "Happy New Year" with many returns.